The Lass of the Lake

sung by Miss Waters,

at the THEATRE ROYAL COVENT GARDEN,

in the

Domion of Fancy,

Entd. at Sta Hall

composed by *I. MOOREHEAD.*

Pr. 1/

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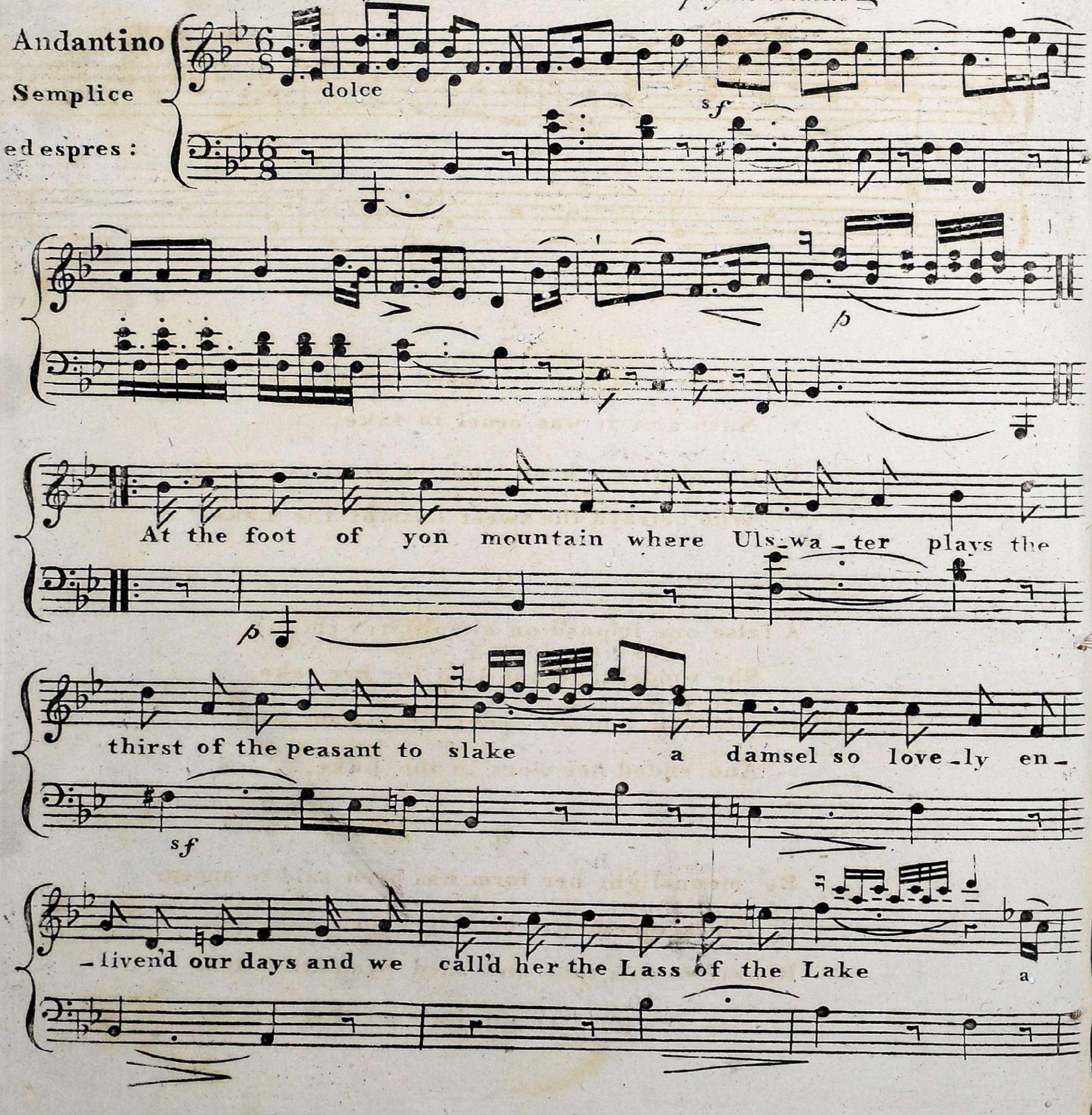

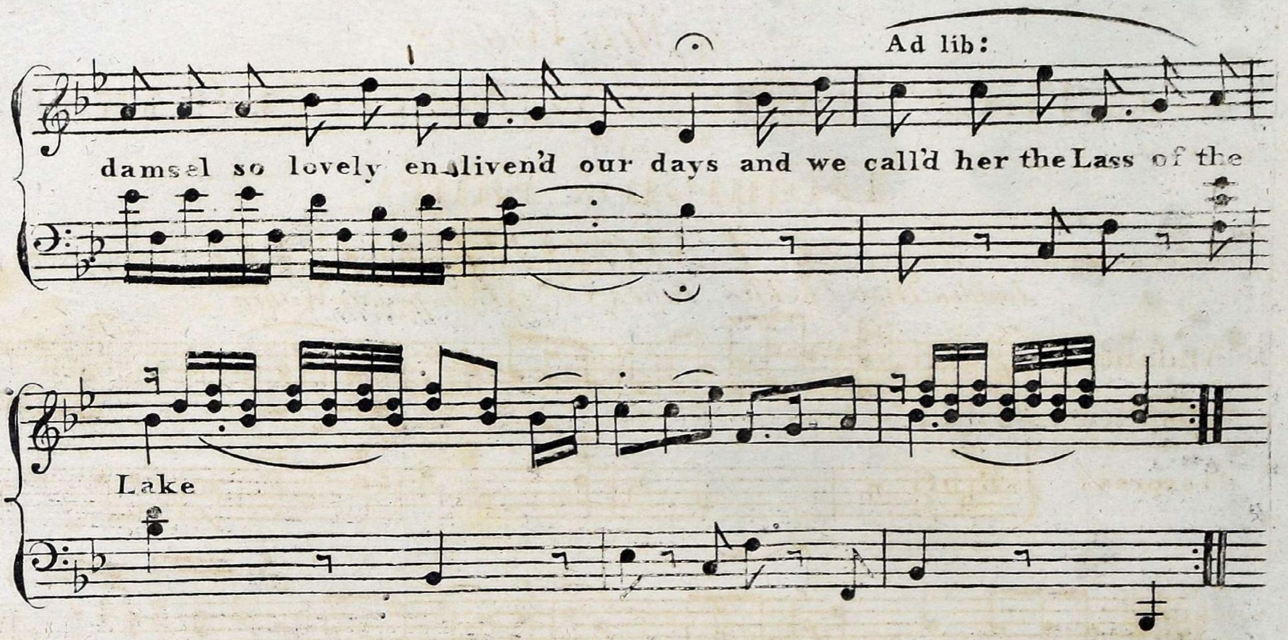

2

The little god Cupid invaded her breast,
Such aim it was cruel to take,
In the white garb of truth the deceiver was drest,
Who betray'd the sweet Lass of the Lake."

3

A false one impos'd on simplicity's child,
She thought he but liv'd for her sake,
He wedded another! poor Lucy went wild,
And ended her woes in the Lake.

4

By moon-light her form has been said to appear,
While sweethearts by love kept awake,
Repair to this spot and shed sympathy's tear
O'er the poor ruin'd Lass of the Lake."